

DIDSBURY PIONEER

Vol. XVIII

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1921

No. 5

Special Announcement

HOBBERLIN'S January Remnant SALE

33 1/3 % Discount

Off all Hobberlin Tailoring
During January

What This Discount Saves You
in Actual Dollars and Cents

Regular Retail Price	What This 33 1/3 % Discount Saves You	What You Pay at Discount Price
\$ 45.00	\$ 15.00	\$ 30.00
52.50	17.50	35.00
55.90	18.33	35.67
57.50	19.17	38.33
60.00	20.00	40.00
62.50	20.83	41.67
65.00	21.67	43.33
67.50	22.50	45.00
70.00	23.33	46.67
72.50	24.17	48.33
77.50	25.83	51.67
82.50	27.50	55.00
85.00	28.33	56.67
90.00	30.00	60.00
97.50	32.50	65.00
100.00	33.33	66.67

Buy now and save money—these prices are lower than spring prices can possibly be.
LEAVE YOUR ORDER TODAY.

J. V. BERSCHT

LOCAL AGENT

Rod and Gun

Canadians have long known the wonders of big game hunting in Canada but this month's 'Rod and Gun in Canada' contains an American impression of what he terms his greatest big game hunt. Morris Ackerman, the famous American writer and big game hunter visited British Columbia last fall and with camera and pen he tells an interesting story of big game hunting in his own inimitable manner. In addition to this article, there are sixteen stories and articles dealing with the great outdoor life in Canada. The writers include Bonnycastle Dale, F. V. Williams, A. Bryan Williams, Harry M. Moore and others equally well known to the readers of Canada's premier sporting monthly. The various departments are up to their usual high standards in this issue. Rod and Gun in Canada is published monthly by W. J. Taylor Ltd., Woodstock Ont.

Wedding Bells

Two of our popular young people, Miss Eva Carler and Mr. Charlie Mortimer, were quietly married at the manse on Thursday morning the 27th inst. The bride who was becomingly attired in a going away suit was unattended.

The wedding party motored to Olds where they took the north bound train for a honeymoon trip.

A number who congregated at the depot with rice, confetti, etc., were disappointed at not meeting them there but—wait!

The best wishes of a host of friends accompany them.

BORN:—At the residence of Mrs. J.D. Ward, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Hooper, on January 25th, 1921, a daughter.

BORN:—At the residence of Mrs. J.D. Ward, to Mr. and Mrs. Cahoon, on January 22nd, 1921, a daughter.

Basketball Schedule

The Didsbury Memorial Club Basketball League has been divided into two halves, the winners of each half to play off for a suitable trophy which is being arranged for. The Captains of the four teams are:—(1) H. Gabel, (2) M. L. Watts, (3) A. C. Fisher, (4) C. Stender. All games are called for 7:30 on Fridays and 9 on Tuesdays.

The following is a schedule for the coming series:

Feb. 1.	No. 1 vs. No. 2
Feb. 4.	No. 3 vs. No. 1
Feb. 8.	No. 1 vs. No. 1
Feb. 11.	No. 2 vs. No. 3
Feb. 15.	No. 1 vs. No. 2
Feb. 18.	No. 3 vs. No. 1

Mountain View W. L. has Successful Year

During the year of 1920 the Mountain View Womens Institute had a paid up membership of twenty six with an average attendance of fifteen at every meeting of each month in the year 1920. Besides meeting our neighbors and friends and enjoying ourselves in general by each others hospitality, the ladies have been busy working for different purposes. Sending clothing to the needy in the south with expenses paid. Remembering the sick by letter and visiting them, and that was not all. They have had an interesting time in their collections, made in W. L. quilt which brought the next sum of \$114.75 and quilted a quilt for a neighbor. The bazaar held in the Hall Nov. 26th, was a great success. The different dances held at the Hall have been very successful.

The next meeting of the W. L. will be held in Community Hall on Feb. 17th, in the evening. All members and their families are invited to come along and enjoy a social evening.

Tuxis Boys Meet

On Friday night last the Tuxis boys held a bean supper and meeting in the school basement. A number of members from other Squares from neighboring towns were present.

Mr. Holder of Calgary, one of the Tuxis leaders, gave an address, and after the supper the evening was pleasantly passed in playing games.

NOTICE

We wish to take this means of thanking the public for their support in assisting us to run the post office which is much appreciated, but we must make a rule that the Post Office will be closed at 7 o'clock every evening.

W. Hunsperger, Postmaster.

WANTED:—Man and wife want work in town or country, can do any farm work, also repairing and run tractor. Write Jas. L. Bullock, Carstairs, or Phone 49.

FOR SALE:—Purchased Barred Rock Cockerels. Your choice early in the season is good second price awarded. Better Way Poultry Yd. M. Weber.

Save for A Home



To acquire a home of your own, depends upon your earnestness and determination.—to spend less than you earn. Open a Savings Account with this Bank and start at once on the road to becoming your own landlord.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Didsbury Branch A. E. Ryan, Manager
Carstairs Branch J. W. Gillman, Manager

BELTING

It is good economy to pay a few cents more per foot for

Goodyear Extra Power Belting

Call here and see it.

G. A. WRIGGLESWORTH, Phone 41
Didsbury

Meeting

All members of the Dairy-mens Association will please meet on Friday, February 11th, at 2 o'clock in the New Opera House. Important business to be transacted.

W. Sheidt, Sec'y.

FOR SALE:—200 heavy wheat July sacks. Will sell cheap in lots of 25. The Maple Leaf Flour Mills.

FOR SALE:—Greenfeed and good wheat. Phone R106. 2p5

FOR SALE:—Registered roan Shorthorn bull. Apply E. Rodney, Phone 1609. 3p5.

FOR SALE:—Good five roomed house with two lots, garage and coal house, suitable location in north end of town. Apply H. E. Lantz, Phone 59. 3p1.

FOR SALE:—40 Bronze Turkeys, \$5.00 and \$10.00 each. Ten S. C. R. I. Red Cockerels \$5.00 each. From imported stock. Eggs in season. Apply G. S. Hewitt, Phone 595. 4p1.

FOR SALE:—3 registered Holstein cows. One due to freshen and two to freshen in spring. Also bull calf, 8 months old. Apply E. N. Boettger.

FOR SALE:—Purchased Barred Rock Cockerels Good laying stock. Four choice young dairy cows. Apply H. Erb, R. R. 1 Didsbury, Phone 1002. 4p1.

WANTED:—50 to 60 Shoats weighing from 60 to 100 lbs. Apply A. R. Kendrick Crystal Dairy.

FOR SALE:—A good second-hand Empire typewriter. Apply Mrs. G. U. Saxsmith.

FOR SALE:—Stove wood, rails and fence posts. Easy prices. Apply P. O. Box 218 Didsbury. 4p2

FOR SALE:—Over 20 head of fresh cows of dairy stock. Apply Heuser Bros. N. half Sec 25, Tp. 30, R. 4 W. 5. 15p17

Auctioneer

FOR DATES

See W. G. LIESEMER for Myself.

W. G. LIESEMER
Clerk

Phone 111
DIDSBURY - ALBERTA

BUSINESS LOCALS

FOR SALE:—Fine 2 roomed house on outskirts of town, stable for 7 cows, 4 horses, hen house, work shop and five acres of good land on east term. Apply P. H. Goehs, Didsbury. 4p1.

FOR SALE:—Purchased Buff Orpington roasters. Price \$2.50 apiece. Apply Mrs. Jack Cummings, Phone 2100. 2p5.

FOR SALE:—A few choice Barred Rock Cockerels. Phone R 1009. Jas. Hughes. 4p2.

FOR SALE:—Poles of all kinds and good dry firewood in blocks. Phone 1913.

NOTICE:—Will the party who took a saddle and bridle from Pock's barn on December 16th please bring it back at once and save trouble. 4p5.

FOR SALE:—Extra good clean dry firewood in stove blocks. This wood is a good buy. Mr. Nees comes to town with wood once a week and will haul it the year round. Kindly order a week ahead if possible. Leave orders at Pioneer office.

FOR SALE:—White Leghorn, single comb Cockerels for sale. Apply J. H. Helm Phone 34. 4p3

FOR SALE:—W1 Sec. 33, Tp. 30, R. 2, W. 5, 40 acres broken, good never failed spring wire fenced, no build. Price \$25 per acre. Apply W. M. Wilson R. R. 1 Didsbury. 4p2.

FOR SALE:—Green feed; 8 good Registered Aberdeen Angus Bulls. Prices right. Apply C. H. Stuart, 1 mile and a half north of Didsbury or Phone 1504. 4p2

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Children of Today Are the Parents and Citizens of Tomorrow. In Years to Come the Destinies of Canada Will Be in Their Hands.

My dear Boys and Girls:

I think most of you must have been very busy writing to Santa Claus during this last month because you have not been writing to me as much as you should, but now that things are getting back to normal again I expect to see those interesting envelopes addressed "Aunt Betty" more frequently on my desk.

This morning I received a short note from a little lad who said he was eight years old, asking if he could belong to our page. Most assuredly he can. He has written his letter on a typewriter and it was really very well done for such a small boy.

I wonder how many of those beautiful Christmas toys which you received are still whole? I have a little city niece who received a dolly and a cradle and I am sorry to tell you that they are both broken already. Her little brother has kept his wagon because it was so much stronger, and he has also got an engine which runs on a track which he has not yet broken, but I will tell you a secret about that. He is not allowed to run it himself as he is hardly old enough to understand it and so he sits and watches while either his mother or his father work it for him and this method is much more satisfactory to all concerned, and I am quite sure that he will keep his toy longer than he would

resting because I am sure that this week print a letter from a little American cousin of yours who has also written to me. She would like a Canadian correspondent, so if any of you would like to write to her and send your name in to me, I will put you in touch with her. Address your letters to Aunt Betty, 903 McCallum-Hill Building, Regina, Sask.

Affectionately,
AUNT BETTY.
(To be continued)

RIP VAN WINKLE

After poor Rip Van Winkle had made inquiries about many of his friends and found that they were all dead, he was in despair, and so he asked:

"Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "To be sure, that's my friend, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and saw an exact counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain—apparently as lazy and most certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now confounded. He doubted his own identity and wondered whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the self-important man demanded who he was and what was his name.

"Goodness knows!" exclaimed he at his wits end. "I'm not myself. I'm somebody else, that's my yonder, no that somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night but I fell asleep on the mountain and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what my name is or who I am!"

The bystanders now began to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. At this moment a fresh comely woman passed through the crowd to get a peep at the old man. She had a chubby little child in her arms which, frightened at his looks, began to cry.

"Hush, Rip," she cried, "hush you little dear; the old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardiner."

"And your father's name?" "Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle has his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun and he has never been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody knows. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had one more question to ask and he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England pedler."

There was a drop of comfort in this news. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms and kissed them again and again.

"I am your father," cried he, "Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood in astonishment until a poor old woman in the crowd tottered forward, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a minute exclaimed: "Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle, it is himself. Welcome home again old neighbor. Where have you been these twenty long years?"

(To be continued)

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last there came a very wet summer and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in when the haystacks were flooded bodily down to the sea by a flood; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was killed by a black blight.

There was sun nowhere else. It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to look after the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable. He turned and turned and the roast got nice and brown.

"What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner! I'm sure when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No, it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it and put his head out to see who they were standing there in the rain.

(To be continued)

MY LOVELY DREAM

I once changed places with a bird; He lent his wings without a word, His little waistcoat of bright red, The feather cap off from his head.

The nursery window stood ajar; I sailed up to the sky so far. A big star winked at me and said, "You naughty boy, go back to bed."

But oh, I think the very best Was sitting cosy on the nest And drinking little cups of tea; Just Robin Red—and me.

But morning's great big restless eye Came peeping slyly through the sky And I became just Robert Chambers, A little boy in blue pyjamas.

Letter to Aunt Betty

Dorchester, Nebraska,
January, 3, 1921.

Dear Aunt Betty: We take the Watson Witness. I have been reading the children's corner and I think their letters are very interesting. I thought you would like to hear from a Nebraska girl.

We have no snow and scarcely any ice on the creeks and rivers at present. We are having nice, warm weather.

I am going to a country school, am in the eighth grade. I have a little brother in the first grade, and I have one sister who is older than I am.

There are twenty children going to our school. I have one-half mile to go to school. One night our school had a weenie roast. We went to the creek and gathered leaves and brush and built a big bon-fire. The boys got big long sticks and made points on the end so we could roast weenies and marshmallows, and we also had buns and pickles to eat.

After we were through eating, we played games around the bon-fire, and we had our pictures taken by the light of the bon-fire, but they weren't any good. Later we played hide-go-seek and then we all went home tired but happy.

If some of the Canadian children will write to me, I will gladly answer their letters.

Hoping to see my letter in print.

Sincerely yours,

HELEN HEEREN,
Dorchester, Nebraska.

WHITE SWISS

By Harriet Witney Durbin

Our bride elect, in sweet distress,
Steals softly to my easy chair.
"I have to choose my wedding

gown. Do tell me what to

do!"
"I give her rosebud lips a kiss.
"My darling, if you're asking me,
Just let it be a plain white swiss."

"Oh, grandpa dear!" Her laughter
shined.
"Like musics rung by forest-fays,
That stuff is years behind the
times.
And no one wears it nowadays!"
She shows me bits of lace and silk,
And sample scraps of that and
this,
Fine-woven, creamy pure as milk,
Far richer than the old-time
"swiss."

But dreams not, as she flits away,
How vividly that word has set
Before my mental view a day
Whose sweetness thrills my spirit
yet—
Nor ever has a modern bride
Been fairer to a lover's eye
Than one, whose place was by
my side
That day, some forty years gone
by.

Her locks of curling russet-brown
No filmy veiling o'ped o'er,
And though a homely wed-
ding gown
With shy and modest grace she
wore,
More perfectly she bloomed; and so
You'll not surpass, my dainty miss
The girl I wedded years ago—
Your grandma, in her plain white
swiss.

Similar Lines

In spite of the advanced prices
the barber was blue, and he rezo-
he was wedding seemed to shake
his discouragement. "I've just
about decided to open a butcher's
shop," he said reaching for the
powdered string.
"And will you close this one?"
his victim asked feebly.

English and Eggs

"Do you say that your hens
'sit' or 'set'?" asked the precise
pedagogue of the busy housewife.
"It never matters to me what I
say," was the quick reply. "What
concerns me is to learn when I
hear the hen cackling whether she
is laying or lying."

Pay your out-of-town accounts by
Domestic Express Money
Orders. Five Dollars costs
three cents.

CURRENT COMMENT

ON MATTERS OF PUBLIC INTEREST TO DWELLERS
IN THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES OF CANADA

A SERIES OF ARTICLES DEALING WITH VARIOUS
WESTERN QUESTIONS

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Westminster Abbey is a cornerstone of the British Empire and it is clothed with a sentiment that is almost holy. The massive stones which form its foundation have been morticed in position by the honest mortar of ancient time, and the solidifying influence of antiquity. Tradition declares that on the present site of the great church the Imperial Romans raised a temple to Apollo. This shrine of the heathen deity is said to have been destroyed by an earthquake. Some years later, during the second century of the Christian era, a Christian church is said to have been erected by Sebect, a king of the East Saxons, who was a recent convert to Christianity. This barbarian potentate in the zeal of his new-found religion, dedicated it to "the honor of God and St. Peter." There is a legend of which we can still find some trace in the ancient chronicles of the miraculous appearance of St. Peter in person who came to bless the new church. When Sebect died, his son, who succeeded him, relapsed into the ancient idolatry of his race and the new edifice was neglected. The Norsemen who at that time came in out of a wintry sea, smother in their dragon ships and over-ran England, cared nothing for churches or Christianity, and the building fell into disuse. Edgar, one of the Saxon Kings, in later years restored the building, but it was Edward the Confessor, the last but one of the Saxon Kings, who truly and well established Westminster Abbey. He started the erection of a magnificent new church which was, however, not completed until after his death. It was consecrated on the 28th December, 1065, and very shortly afterwards the King died. In later years the Norman Kings continued the work and it has been added to from time to time until it has become one of the most notable and most beautiful ecclesiastical buildings in Europe. Some of the carving in the interior is of exquisite and artistic workmanship.

But the chief attraction of Westminster Abbey to people of British blood lies not in the beauty of its architecture, but in its association with every epoch of the British people. It has been the burial place of the Kings of England as well as their burying place. They lie there beneath their graves effigies in silent state, attended by the greatest of their nobles, and those citizens whose imperial labors have won them resting places in that splendid mausoleum. It almost daunts the imagination to consider that from William the Conqueror upward, with the exception of Edward V., every King of England has been crowned within the precincts of the Abbey.

Beneath the coronation chair rests the Stone of Destiny. It was taken from Scone in Scotland by the warlike Edward I, who spent a lifetime endeavoring to subdue the stubborn northern people. This stone is so ancient that its origin has been lost in the darkness of antiquity. The ancient Celtic kings sat upon it to receive the crown, and tradition identified it with the pillow used by Jacob when he had the heavenly vision at Bethel.

There is nothing that is a stronger or more visible expression of the British Empire to the British people than Westminster Abbey. The beautiful Gothic arches, cunningly wrought by ancient craftsmen; the mouldy banners taken on many a hard fought battle field of long ago, which stir fitfully in the air currents; the tombs of kings and potentates; the effigies of famous warriors and great citizens who have contributed so much to their race and Empire; and the indescribable atmosphere of heroic antiquity all contribute in effect upon the imagination that is awe-inspiring and impressive.

Situated in the very heart of modern London, the visitor to the Abbey with the sound of the traffic in his ears, of the motor bus and taxicab, and of the unending stream of humanity which passes its doors, may walk with reverent tread over the bones of Edward the Confessor. William the Norman lies there and the long line of his stern and warlike descendants. The heroes of Agincourt and Cressy and many another battlefield lie within its walls, attended even in death, by their great captains, keeping "state and semblance still." One transept is sacred to the ashes of warriors who "through stricken fields and ruined gaps" bore the banner of their country; another is inhabited by the mortal relics of great statesmen. There rise the effigies of lordly prelates who were the ministers of Plantagenet and Tudor Kings; the Cecils who in Elizabeth's time contributed so much to England's greatness. There in a high niche stands the effigy of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham who, in the eloquent words of Macaulay "seems with eagle face and outspread hand to be bidding England to be of good cheer and to hurl defiance at her foes." Close at hand lies his son, and so on down to Gladstone, the great commoner of modern times. There is a Poets' Corner, and many of the great in literature and art rest within its precincts.

Westminster Abbey is the shrine of the Empire and is regarded with veneration by every good British citizen.

It is inevitable that time, the inexorable, should have made ravages on this ancient edifice and a movement is now under foot to have it restored and preserved. It would be a great thing in the world to have a few wealthy citizens contribute enough money to do all the work needed, but those who have it in charge have come to the conclusion that as the Abbey belongs not to London, nor to the Isles of Britain alone, but to every part of the Empire, all British subjects should have an opportunity to contribute to this work.

His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada and the Lieutenant-Governors of various provinces, at his instigation, are attending to this matter in the Dominion. Appeals have been made through the press and when the robust Imperialism of Canada is taken into consideration it is not at all likely they will fall on deaf ears.

Stevens Welding Service

Probably one of the most important of Stevens Services is Stevens Welding Service.

Stevens Welding Service repairs hundreds of parts annually for almost every kind of motor and machine from a garden hose to a tractor. Stevens Welding Service repairs cylinder jackets, pump parts, steam and gas engine parts as well as Auto, Tractor, Thresher, Hay Press and Windmill jobs.

Stevens Welding Service has saved its customers thousands of dollars in time and money during the past four years.

We are preparing to make this service still more efficient and

more capable of serving customers requirements during 1921 by the addition of the very latest and best equipment and the constant effort to better our methods.

Help us to make this branch of our service the best in this part of the country by bringing us all your broken parts for repair. It will save you money now, and farther, the dollar you pay us now will go on serving you year after year by enabling us to install better machinery and facilities for handling your work.

Patrons Stevens Welding Service and tell your friends.

Stevens' Service Shop

"The Reliable Accessory Folks"

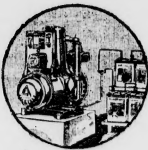
Phone 15

DIDSBURY

Phone 15

DELCO-LIGHT

Complete Electric Service



Let Delco-Light do your milking. An electric motor pulls the milking units steadier, and because of using kerosene for fuel, is more economical than gas engines.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE
STEVENS SERVICE SHOP
Phone 15

THERE'S A SATISFIED USER NEAR YOU.

Patronize the men who advertise
in the Pioneer

When You Are Milking The Cow

Remember first she is a thing of charm,
She lifts the mortgage from the farm;

She makes the farmer's life more sweet,
And sets him down on easy street.

Reliable and faithful as she is, she also knows that she must co-operate and have a REAL HOME FRIEND who will manufacture her product in her own home locality, sell the finished product to the far off consumer, and tell them that these famous cows and the rich soil that feeds them are in the Didsbury District.

Confidence

The most valued factor in the success of our business is the confidence the public has in it.

Now, Mr. Cow Owner, you are the middle man. Will you bring us the

Milk & Cream
that she has so ungrudgingly entrusted you with?

Satisfaction

We want to satisfy our customers from the time they are milking the cow until they are banking our cheques for the milk or cream.

We thank you in advance for same and guarantee to always pay you the HIGHEST MARKET PRICES.

CRYSTAL DAIRY, Limited

A. R. Kendrick, Manager

The Didsbury Pioneer

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F. H. Osmond, Asst. Editor

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1921

Where's the Nigger

A report in the Calgary Herald last week stated that sugar had been raised 50c per hundred. In view of the disclosures of last fall when it was shown that there were millions of tons of sugar held by speculators but which they started to unload when they fell out amongst themselves this matter of soaking the consumer again should be thoroughly investigated. The report reads: Without any warning or any apparent cause, sugar went up 50 cents per hundredweight on Thursday, state local dealers. This came as a bombshell to all wholesalers and retailers of groceries in Calgary, who have just seen sugar have two decreases, totalling 50 cents per hundredweight, in two weeks, and they had regarded that staple as having assumed its substantial quotation once again.

A grocer states that although the increase means a retail increase of one half cent a pound, there will be no immediate increase in the retail price—not until further sugar has been bought by which time decreases might have taken place.

Jan, they state, will go up about \$1.00 per case very shortly. He points out, however, that this commodity has been sold for a long time for less than its cost, and that the increase will only be an adjustment to proper retail prices, which many retailers have never bothered to do before.

Wheat Pool

Winnipeg, Feb. 1. No definite steps were taken at the sessions of the wheat pool committee of the Canadian council of agriculture held here, a member of the committee intimated to-day. He said the conference was an informal one to talk over the scheme and sound the general attitude. A further meeting will be held in Winnipeg shortly, and organization is possible in time to handle the 1921 crop.



A Thought About LUMBER

Be it noted that spring time is coming. Perhaps you have plans at work for a new building. If so, have you contracted for all the material you want?

A thought about lumber in the direction of our lumber yard may lead up to the saving of trouble and expense to you.

ATLAS LUMBER CO.

T. THOMPSON, Manager

Phone 125

Didsbury

AUCTION SALE

March 1st, everything must be disposed of.

Sale at 11:30. Lunch at noon.

TERMS—All sums at and \$50 cash; over that amount 9 months credit will be given on approved joint bankable notes bearing 8 per cent interest. 3 per cent off for cash on all amounts over \$50.

Geo. Alden, Owner.

W. G. Liesemer, Clerk.

J. W. Phillipson, Auctioneer.

Under instructions from Geo. Alden I will sell by public Auction on S. W. 1 Sec. 22, Tp. 31, Rg. 1, W. 5, 31 miles east of Didsbury, on blind line or North trail, on

Thurs., February 10th, '21

The following stock and machinery:

11 HEAD HORSES

Bay gelding, 6 yrs. old, wgt. 1500; Black gelding, 6 yrs. old, wgt. 1500; Grey gelding, 8 yrs. old, wgt. 1250; Bay gelding, 8 yrs. old, wgt. 1200; Black mare, 9 yrs. old, wgt. 1200; Black mare, 1 yrs. old, wgt. 1200; Bay mare, aged, wgt. 1100; Sorrel gelding, 3 yrs. old, wgt. 1250; Sorrel filly, 2 yrs. old; Brown filly, 2 yrs. old; Sucking colt.

38 HEAD CATTLE

8 A1 Dairy cows, some milking now. All to be fresh in March and April; REG. SHORTHORN BULLS, 1 yrs. wgt. 1800 to 2000 lbs.; 2 yr. old heifer in foetus; 2 April; 4 Yearling heifers; Yearling steer; 7 2-yr. old steers; 1 Spring calves.

23 HOGS

10 Shoats, wgt. 100 each; 3 Sows; 10 Small pigs, 6 wks. old.

3 FINE HEN TURKEYS CHICKENS

5 R. I. R. roosters, pure breeds; 30 Pure bred white Leghorns; Some Buff Orpington hens.

FARM IMPLEMENTS

McCormick binder, 8 ft.; Coal shut dish; 3 sec. lever harrow and cart; Steel wheel farm truck; Hay rack; P. & O. 11 in gang plow; Oliver sulky broadcaster; 14 in. John Deere manure spreader, new; Set John Deere digger, Grindstone, 36 in. light sleighs; 6 h.p. gas engine; 1 h.p. I. H. C. pumping engine; Flour; 10 in. chopper mill; Tank pump; Stewart clipper; Shop and Post drill; Sitching horse.

HARNESS

2 Sets travelling harness; 1 single harness; Some extra collars and harness parts.

HOUSEHOLD EQUIPMENT

Dairy churn; Butter bowl and bullie print; Bedtime Cream separator, nearly new; Washing machine Maytag power washer; Perfection oil stove; Gas stove; 2 Big lamps; Milk cans; Fara; Rice etc. Quantity of books. Savage 22 rifle, Winchester 22 repeater rifle.

As Mr. Alden has leased his farm and gives possession



A SQUARE PEG in a Round Hole

You may be alright, but if you are in the wrong position you are like a square peg in a round hole. You want a position where you fit.

This paper is read by intelligent business men, and a Want Ad in it is classified columns will reach them.

SVGA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. D. McRae, Minister.
Worship—Sundays 7:30 p.m.
Sunday School, 2 p.m.
Thursday, elder practice, 8 p.m.

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES IN BAPTIST CHURCH BUILDING

Preaching, Sunday, 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School Disciples, 2:00 p.m.
Preaching, 3:00 p.m.
Springfield School House—Preaching, 8 p.m.
A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend all of the above services.

Rev. A. A. PERRY, Evangelist at Nazareth Church

WINTERDALE METHODIST CHURCH

Pastor, Rev. H. Brooks
Services every Sunday.
Evening, 11 o'clock. Evening 8:30 Sunday School at 12 o'clock.
All are welcome.

EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION

Pastor, Rev. Albert Clements.
7 p.m.—Sunday school.
7 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.—Sermons.
8:30 p.m.—Prayer Meeting.
9 p.m.—Choir Practice.

It is packed to please
and serves its mission

'SALADA'

is used in millions of teapots daily.
Send us a postal for a free sample. Please state the price you now pay and whether Black, Green or Mixed Address Salada, Toronto.

Pithy Paragraphs For Busy People

THE WEEK'S NEWS IN TERSE TERMS

Found Dead in Office

Charles Hill, manager of the Craik Lumber Co., was found dead in his office a few mornings ago, when his assistant came to work. It is believed that Mr. Hill was the victim of an accident. It appears that on the previous evening he had borrowed a rifle from Frank, saying he wished to use it to kill a fox and it is presumed that in cleaning the rifle it accidentally discharged and the bullet lodged in the head of the deceased. Mr. Hill was well and favorably known in Craik and for a number of years had been manager of the Craik Lumber Co. He leaves a widow and a grown up family of four children.

Balloons Welcomed in Toronto

The CNR train from Cochrane, with Lieuts. Kloor, Hinton and Farrell, the American naval balloons on board, was an hour and forty minutes late in arriving in Toronto, which fact interfered with the arrangements for their reception. They were motored to the Aero Club where tea was served. There was nothing formal in their reception.

Fined for Keeping Liquor

The proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, Fleming, appeared before A. C. Sarvis, J.P., at Moncton, a few days ago, charged with keeping intoxicating liquor with his soft drinks. Accused pleaded guilty and was fined \$200 and costs and in default of payment, two months' imprisonment. The fine was paid. The charge was laid by Provincial Constable Ballon of the Moncton detachment.

M. P. Barracks in Quarantine

A constable of the N.W.M.P., Regina, has contracted smallpox and the Mounted Police Barracks have been quarantined. The case has been sent to the city smallpox hospital and the rest of the several hundred mounted policemen in barracks have been vaccinated. A young woman who recently arrived in Regina from Seattle some days ago with smallpox in the rash stage. She was taken ill on the train and immediately on arrival in the city was taken to the pest house. Dr. Morrison states that the case at the barracks is a very mild one. The city now has twelve cases of smallpox isolated.

Airship Route to Oilfields

Major Janner of Vancouver, and Major Wallin of Los Angeles are on their way to Edmonton to select sites for their airships. There are plans to put into operation from Edmonton to Fort Norman, a huge dirigible airship capable of carrying 32 passengers and five tons of freight. The officers have the dirigible now under order from New York and hope to have the ship in operation by March in time for the first of the rush to the Fort Norman oilfields.

Earthquake in California

A sharp earthquake shock was felt at Willow, California, lasting about three seconds, recently. Many sleepers were aroused but no damage was reported. A similar shock was felt on December 29.

Accident at Fort William

Ernest Poole, aged thirty-five, was found dead last week in the shops of the Canadian Car and Foundry, by fellow workmen. Examination showed that his neck was broken, but how the accident which caused his death occurred is still a mystery. It is conjectured that he may have been struck by a locomotive which had been taking cars out from the shop.

Cool Welcome for Mennonites

The New York State comments on the reported exodus of 30,000 Mennonites from Manitoba to the state of Mississippi:

"A solid group of 30,000 persons whose adherence to their peculiar religious tenets makes them claim immunity from the plain duty of a citizen as recognized by those of sincere good faith and intelligence may not strike citizens of the United States as a valuable acquisition for any particular state. Especially in Mississippi citizens may demand that the would-be immigrants make a cogent demonstration of their actual worth as citizens or residents."

Plunged to Death from Tower

A woman visitor to Westminster Cathedral in London some days ago, fell 100 feet from the campanile (St. Edward's Tower) and was killed. She later was identified as the Portuguese Countess Da Ribiera Grand, who had been mixing from a Chelsea nursing home where Count Grand also resided. The top of the campanile is protected by a stone wall four feet high and a metal guard rail. This is the first accident since the tower was erected.

Taxi Robbers Arrested

In the provincial police court Jack Holgate and Edward Ross were sent up for trial in connection with the holdup and robbery of a taxi driver east of the city Monday afternoon. The boys who are seventeen years of age, were arrested at Leduc while making for the southern boundary with the sedan Studebaker car which they had taken from the driver.

A New Species

It is reported that Charlie White of Aylmer, Ont., has shot a strange creature, part rabbit and part deer, something like the fabled Ichthyops that galloped over the earth centuries ago. It is of an enormous size for a rabbit, being nearly three feet long, with its head and pronged horns similar to the antlers on a small deer. Mr. White shot the animal and gave it to the Aylmer Poultry Association for exhibit. There are, however, many skeptical visitors who are convinced that both the creature and the story are fakes.

Caught in the Act

Two police officers in Saskatoon, the other night, followed a dark form up a fire escape at the rear of the Royal bank building and in the officers of the clearing house on the third floor arrested William Sivich, age 39, in the act of opening cash drawers and dumping their contents on the floor. Sivich will be arraigned in police court Thursday on a burglary charge.

Will Tie Up Steamers

Shipowners of Melbourne, Australia, are determined to fight the shipping strikers and will tie up their steamers indefinitely if necessary. The sailing of the steamer Makara, which has a full passenger list for Vancouver, has been indefinitely postponed, owing to the refusal of the stewards to sign for the trip.

Failed to Make Returns

For failure to make income tax returns under the federal law, six residents of Vancouver were in police court recently and ordered to pay a fine of \$100 each with the alternative of one month in jail.

Terrible Tragedy

After murdering her two year old son in the basement of her home at Sturgeon Creek, a suburb of Winnipeg, Mrs. John Young also committed suicide by hanging. Mrs. Young, it is reported, took her little son, aged two years, down into the basement, tied a rope around the child's neck and drew it up to the ceiling, then climbed into a baby carriage, tied a noose around her own neck and kicked the carriage from under herself, possibly believing to have been the cause. She left two letters asking for forgiveness.

Back in Berlin

Clara Zetlin, member of the German Reichstag and a Communist leader whose appearance at the congress of French Socialists at Tours two weeks ago caused a great sensation, has arrived in Berlin, it is said in a despatch from that city.

Your Grocer is Not a Profiteer

Have a heart!
Your grocer is not a profiteer! He is passing along to you reduced prices, as fast or faster than they come to him. Just because prices on many goods these days are still high, don't think him. It is usually the poorest quality of everything that shows the greatest decline.

If he is as good a man as the average, your grocer is still giving his utmost to give you the best value for your money. But don't push him too hard. He is only human.

You don't know, but we do, that he is recommending goods that pay him less profit than other well known brands which he might easily persuade his customers to take if he cared to do so.

We know this because he pays us more for Red Rose Tea and sells it at less profit than other teas, so when he recommends you to buy Red Rose Tea, you will know it is because he believes it the best and is willing to take a little less profit for the sake of giving you the best value he can.

We are publishing this because we believe the more our people know of the true facts concerning the profits made by those they deal with, the more generously they will be in their judgments.—T. H. Estabrooks Co., Ltd., Calgary, Alta.

Deportation of Vagrants Planned

There is to be a general round-up of all Oriental illegals. Sweeping orders for such a round-up will be issued by Washington and a special force is to be assigned to the work. Mr. Russell said.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

We will pay \$15 to \$25 weekly for your own home. No experience necessary. We will send you a full description of our business. Write to us today. Call BRENNAN SHOW CARD SYS. TEL. DEPT. 2. CURRIE BLDG. 236 College St. Toronto.

Sinn Fein Army of 200,000

It is reported that the Sinn Fein organization has 200,000 men under arms in Ireland. This Republican army represents five per cent. of the Irish population, according to the informant. The army has military discipline, is partially uniformed and has a number of secret arsenals and armories. The Sinn Fein army of 200,000 comprises men ranging in age from 16 to 30. They pursue ordinary farm and city life, except that they are subject to call for ambush duty or secret service and weekly military lectures and drill.

Fractured Skull But Played on

Edgar D. Hawthorne, aged 23, an employee of the Royal Bank is dead as the result of being struck on the head with the puck while playing hockey. Although suffering severe pain Hawthorne continued in the game until the finish. Shortly after he became unconscious and died from fracture of the skull.

Five Year Sentence

Five years in Kingston penitentiary was the sentence imposed by Judge Gould recently in Hamilton, Ont., upon Lloyd Cooper and Joe Fern, who pleaded guilty to breaking into the store of Peebles, Hodson & Co., and stealing \$102.

To Hold Conference

A conference of the field men attached to the field crops branch of the department of agriculture, with M. P. Tullis, field crops commissioner, is to be held at the parliament buildings, Regina. One of the purposes of the conference is to outline the coming season's work in connection with weed control in Saskatchewan.

Cure for Foot and Mouth Disease

It has been discovered by a commission of French experts that there is a serum for the protection of foot and mouth disease, but it is impossible to manufacture the serum in sufficient quantities to inoculate all cattle against the plague. Attention is now being given to increasing the production of the serum of which there is only enough to inoculate the prize cattle and valuable animals of the world.

Reduced Rent

There have been many stories of the unfeeling method of landlords, but just to prove that there are exceptions to the charge, we relate the following: In Regina last week, one of the beneficiaries of the unemployed fund with a wife and large family, residing in the east end of the city, met his landlord on the street. The landlord inquired after the welfare of the man and was told that he was still out of work. "Your rent is reduced \$10.00 per month for the next three months," said the landlord, who is himself a working man of small means.



**Prevent Falling Hair
With Caticura Shampoo**
The first thing to do in preventing dry, thin and falling hair is to get rid of dandruff. Being rid of dandruff is the first step in preventing hair from falling out. Caticura Shampoo is the only shampoo that gets rid of dandruff. It is a mild, refreshing shampoo with Caticura Soap and hot water. Caticura Soap is the "Milk of Soda" and is the only soap that is gentle on the skin. Caticura Soap is the only soap that is gentle on the skin. Caticura Soap is the only soap that is gentle on the skin.

Drop in Price of Fish

Fish prices on the Bonsecours market, Montreal, have dropped several cents during the past week and had-dock, pike and dore are now to be had for two or three cents a pound cheaper. An especially good catch is given as the reason for the decline. A cut of twenty-five cents a gallon has also been made in the price of oysters.

Ever-Ready Company to Announce Prize-winners

Regina dealers of the Ever-Ready Flashlight have received word that the names of the one hundred and four winners in the contest which took place during June and July last year, will be announced on February 1.

A large number of entries for this contest was received from Regina. More than 350,000 answers were sent in from the entire country. The award of the grand prize of \$3,000, with other prizes totalling \$10,000, has been eagerly awaited. One contestant called his answer from abroad; another got out of the trap and sent several hundred miles to present it in person. The names of the winners will be displayed in Regina, during the week of February 1-8.

Did Not Steal Bonds

John Daugherty, in replying to the charges made against him of stealing and kidnapping recently in the county criminal court, Toronto, pleaded "not guilty" in each case. His trial in connection with the disappearance of Ambrose J. Small was postponed three weeks at the request of his counsel, J. F. Hellmuth, K.C.

Send a Dominion Express Money Order. They are payable everywhere.

Send for this Book It's FREE

It will surprise you to learn what the farmer can do with Concrete—and how easy it is to do it. With the aid of our book anyone can build, or have built, such money-saving improvements as water troughs, culverts, foundations, feeding floors and root cellars.

Three hundred dollars a year loss from manure waste, is a conservative estimate for the average farm that has never provided a proper Manure Pit. To avoid this loss—to conserve the manure, store this valuable fertilizer in Concrete.

Full directions for building a Pit such as that pictured above, are given in our free book. Such a Pit will pay for itself in fertilizer saved, in one season.

Ask for Canada Portland Cement, the uniformly reliable brand. It can be found in every good store throughout Canada. If your dealer cannot supply you, write our nearest sales office.

Canada Cement Company Limited

650 Herald Building Montreal

OFFICES AT
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Calgary

CANADA CEMENT CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

Send me your Literature
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
No. 650.

"Martha"

OR
THE HOME OF
HER ADICTION
BY E. L.

(All Rights Reserved)

"Hazel Brue" was the Branch Home for Girls in Canada, to which Martha and the rest of the little travellers were wending their way. Hazel Brue was an ideally pretty place, situated in a quiet Ontario town which, in some way managed to infuse into its atmosphere quite an old-world note. The house, at one time was a family mansion, but had been bequeathed to the Homes by a philanthropist interested in the work. It was situated on an up-rising piece of land and was indeed as one lady had aptly remarked, "A city set on a hill." It was surrounded by sloping lawns and a real orchard.

In the house itself, which was built of grey stone and was ivy-covered, there were many spacious rooms. The older part of the house was reserved for the staff, and the new wing, which did not look quite so picturesque, was for the children, and contained a long dining room and a large dormitory, also the servants quarters.

The establishment was essentially English, even in its Canadian setting. The children came from England and most of the staff was English. Meals were served in English fashion and indeed, once inside those walls there was a restraint and formality seldom realized in a colonial home, but withal there was the promise of hope and brightness in the future of the new world, which peeped in with the sun at the windows, and with the cheery nod and smile which the old man who had brought the girls' trunks from the station for twenty-five years, greeted each passerby.

And as the train steamed up from the east, with the new "party" which contained Martha and Glory, there was much excitement in the halls of Hazel Brue. The secretary, a pleasant, bright faced woman with yet the history of many sad stories, and the knowledge of the hardness of the world to little helpless children in her eyes, stood at the door waiting for the capable looking matron to accompany her to the station to meet the travellers.

She had done this several times a year for many years, but she anticipated the arrival of each new party with just the same feeling of wonder and excitement as the last. The children were individuals to her and she was anxious that each one should have the very best opportunity to make the most of her life in the vast new country to which she had come.

In the office there was too, a twister of excitement.

"I wonder who will be the pretty one this time," remarked a tall, red-headed girl of about eighteen summers.

"Oh Lila," laughed a lacy stenographer, looking over at her mischievously, "that is your only worry, who will be the pretty one? Do you never think of

anything but looks, my dear? I am quite sure that no matter how pretty she will not be able to out-do your golden curls."

Lila blushed furiously and subsided. Her passion for the beautiful in both male and female was well known and was often the source of much twitting on the part of her companions.

"Handsome is as handsome does!" proceeded her tormentor, "and what worries me about this new party is who will be the one who returns from her place once a month and whether there will be any screaming virago that it may fall to my lot to accompany from the station and to it from time to time. Silly Lila of the last party has just returned for the tenth time in six months and where to place her poor Miss Mitchell does not know."

"Poor little beggar!" murmured Lila sympathetically.

Mary Blatchford, a keen-eyed, sensible little person, looked over somewhat gently at the red-haired beauty of the staff and remarked:

"You are rather silly you know Lila, but you are a good, soft-hearted little girl after all. Of course it takes all kinds to make up the world," and she smiled as she busily tip-tapped her twenty-five "friendly" letter to one of the hundred proteges who wrote into the "Homes" every day.

"This sounds like a beauty," exclaimed Lila impulsively, as she came to a name in the advance list of the new party which she was carefully copying and checking.

"Glorianna Sinclair, an orphan," she read out, "quite unusual in appearance and in character, of good birth; refined in manners, a talented dancer. Mother was on the stage, father disinherited."

"Sounds like a romance, doesn't it?" remarked Mary, who for all her supposedly practical common sense, was just as ready to enjoy a story of romance or adventure as Lila was, although she would not admit it, but what an awful name for the child! I sincerely hope she is pretty, it is a terrible name to dub a plain child with. She would have to be pretty to carry it off."

"If you two don't get down to business everything will be behind hand when the party does arrive and you will wish you hadn't spent quite so much time discussing romance," remarked a sober, dignified young woman, seated at a desk in the extreme end of the room. "I can see Miss Mitchell's face if she can't get that list when she comes in."

"The Oracle hath spoken!" exclaimed Mary, as she tapped quickly again at her machine and Lila buried her golden head in her record.

All was quiet for a few minutes when the door burst open with a rush and the "baby" of the office, who licked the stamps and, as the others said, put herself in the way generally, darted in with the words:

"Here they come, the new party, hurry up, they are at the bottom of the walk!"

(To be continued)

Women's Corner.

A FEW RAMBLING REMARKS BY A PRAIRIE WOMAN

HAPPINESS! What a mad rush hundreds of people are today making for happiness. And alas, so often the fruits of their seeking simply turn to ashes in their mouths. Behind all the mistakes, even the crimes of humanity, it seems to me there is a pathetic note of this child-like hungering for happiness. The man who steals does not do so just for the sake of stealing and to break the law, but because he hopes that the acquiring of the thing he desires will bring him happiness.

The spendthrift and the rake who spends his nights in the dance hall, defensed by the ceaseless lure of the jazz orchestra and the lurid glare of too bright lights, does not pursue his course in order that he may ruin his health, soften his brain and become a spectacle from which sensible people turn in disgust. No, in his dissipation and the gaiety in which there is a world of tragedy, for there are none so sad as they who strive and work so hard to be merry, he is working for that elusive and beautiful thing which we call happiness.

It is also, because of our materialism that we have come to seek so feverishly for happiness in the things which we can see and hear. Happiness is intangible. It is because of its elusive quality that just when we have gained what we thought contained happiness for us it evades us and is gone. I know a very dear woman who, when she was young was made to the younger ladies of a very noble and wealthy house in England. There were five daughters and they had all that could be supposed to give them happiness, youth, beauty, wealth, but she said, "They were often miserable, I have known them to be gay and bright preparing for a ball where they expected to have such a wonderful time, and to return home and throw themselves on the beds in a passion of weeping because some one there had had more attention than they had had, or because of some other trivial happening which had spoiled the whole affair for them. It was there, my dear," she said to me once very gravely, "that I learned how impossible it was for money, or

things to bring happiness to the human heart."

Yes, as we grow older, and sometimes wiser, we learn that happiness is from within, not without. The spending of a lot of money and the excitement of dancing and theatre going does not satisfy our true selves. It may bring forgetfulness to a mind distressed by the awakening to reality is but the more painful.

And then there are such different ideas as to what happiness truly is. I have seen a young wife sit and mope because she could not attend every dance of the season; have heard her rail at the dullness of evenings in the house, and again I have seen people forced to attend social functions which they abhorred when they would have given worlds to sit quietly at home with a book, which all goes to prove that happiness or unhappiness is a state of mind, not of conditions.

In these days of the gramophone, cards and dancing I sometimes wonder if we are to lose the art of conversation. To each one of us comes to do something to revive it. It seems that so many meal times are occupied with the discussion of the family finances, the state of the crops, or what happened today to the exclusion altogether of the larger happenings of the world which cannot fail to be of interest to us if we but give a little time and thought to them.

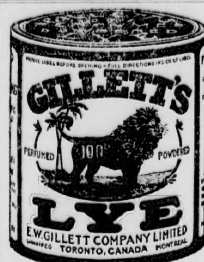
Of course there are occasions when it is unsafe to mention matters political if those who converse are of opposite views and have strong feelings on the matter, but surely even in this case reasonable people should be able to talk and advance their views without arousing antagonism where there is a difference of opinion. I am sure you have all spent, as I have, agonizing moments with people when it seemed that there was nothing to talk about but the state of the weather. Tommy's attack of measles, or the baby's new tooth, upon which occasions a remark regarding any question of the day would be greeted with a blank stare and you felt as though you had said something you shouldn't. Perhaps later, as the times advance and we read more and learn more we shall find it easier to talk to advance our own thoughts and to listen to the thoughts of others, which latter accomplishment, by the way is one of the chief attributes of a brilliant conversationalist, paradoxical as it may sound. He or she who holds the floor for an hour or more at a time is not a conversationalist but rather a lecturer or public speaker from which we all pray to be defended, in private life at least.

At one time in Paris there were famous salons and history tells us of one or two remarkable women who received the greatest men and women of the day and in whose wonderful reception halls many brilliant conversations took place. We do not read that they danced much, played cards much, or that there was a gramophone, but that there was a wonderful drawing power is a fact which has been recorded that all may read, and I believe that it was because they were able to converse freely with those who could understand and appreciate that some of the greatest minds of that country gathered again and again to receive and exchange ideas.

While it is not necessary to have a central salon, I do think that if each family endeavored to improve this weak spot in its armour and to talk about really

Real Humor
"I'm putting on a show for the boys from France, and I want something funny. What do you suggest?"
"Show them some battle-scenes from the war movies produced while they were away."

They Go On Forever
The good die young was never said of a joke.



interesting things the life of the community would be enriched and improved to a remarkable extent. Thinking and expressing one's thoughts about the greater issues of life, and concerning ourselves with the larger concerns of the world cannot fail to make us have a wider and broader viewpoint than is possible when we think of nothing but the happenings within our own four walls.

I am printing one or two other household hints this week which I trust will be useful to you. Prairie Woman is anxious to hear from all who may care to write to her through this column. Life in these days contains many sad and strange complications and there may be some lonely woman who has no one in whom she cares to confide. If so, and she will get into communication with me, I shall be glad to do all in my power to advise and help, and her confidence will be held inviolate. I am especially interested in your domestic problems and am willing to seek for any information desired on any matter of moment to you. Address your letters Prairie Woman, 903 McCallum-Hill Bldg., Regina, Sask.

From Mrs. C. H., Canora, Sask.

Old wool socks and sweaters that are too torn to be worn can be unraveled and made into prize winning rugs simply by taking an old, jute bag and cutting it to desired size, (allowing enough for a seam clear around) and then take your wool in strands (about as thick as your finger) and pull it through the sack with a home made hook, made from an old spoon or comb or wood. The hook can be a straight piece of wood cut to form a hook similar to a crochet hook, but much larger and about 8 inches long. The wool can be dyed to colors desired and letters or animals worked out are very nice.

Large oyster shells we find in rivers are very useful and pretty soap and pin trays when two shells are fastened together by wire screws.

LAW OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

The Exemptions Act

There are several points of interest to women in this act. Furniture, household furnishings and dairy utensils are exempt from seizure under a writ of execution to the extent of five hundred dollars.

In the case of death of an execution debtor of a chattel mortgage, his property is exempt from seizure under execution or under the mortgage shall be so exempt as against the personal representative if the said property is in the use and enjoyment of the widow and children or widow and children of the deceased and is necessary for their maintenance.

Meeting of Premiers

Premiers Lloyd George and Brandt will meet for a conference on German disarmament January 25, it was announced recently.

WANTED
Send for list of inventions wanted by Manufacturers. Fortunes have been made from simple ideas. "Patent Protection" booklet and "Proof of Concealment" on request.
HAROLD C. SHIPMAN & CO.
PATENT ATTORNEYS
30 CHURCH CHAMBERS, OTTAWA, CANADA
INVENTIONS

PUZZLE—FIND THE CLOWN



All you have to do to enter this Contest is to find the clown who is hidden with your name and send it to us, together with a small photograph of you. The answer in correct we will at once send you a package of good stationery and for your trouble and also full particulars of our simple contest. You will be entitled to one of the largest prizes if you find the clown with just the name. The well worth trying as you will not get the full Prize until you find the clown. You will not get the chance to get one of the more valuable prizes if you do not find the clown with just the name. You had better send it in as soon as you can. Send your answer to: LADY DAINITY, Dept. P, Toronto.

Then the Fun Began



CLEAN-UP AUCTION SALE

Under instructions from **CLIFF BELLAMY** I will sell by public auction on

S. E. 1-4 Sec. 10, Tp. 31, Rg. 3, W. 5, 8 miles west and 1 mile south of Didsbury, 1 mile north of Westcott P. O., on John Bellamy's old farm, on

Tuesday, February 8th, 1921

The following stock and machinery:

31 HEAD HORSES

Team sorrel mares, age 5 and 6 wgt. 2800; Team bay mares, age 5 yrs., wgt. 2800; Team bay and brown mares, 6 yrs., wgt. 2500; Bay gelding, 10 yrs., wgt. 1250; Grey mare, 9 yrs., wgt. 1250; Grey mare, 3 yrs., wgt. 1300; Sorrel gelding 1 yrs., wgt. 1200; Bay mare, 4 yrs., wgt. 1100; Roan gelding, 3 yrs., wgt. 1150; Bay gelding, 3 yrs., wgt. 1100; Roan mare, 5 yrs., wgt. 1050; Bay mare, 3 yrs., wgt. 1100; Bay mare, 10 yrs., wgt. 1000; Bay driving mare, aged; Sorrel saddle mare, 5 yrs.; Brown saddle mare, 9 yrs.; Saddle Pony aged; 2 2 yr. olds; 2 yearlings; 2 colts; 3 thoroughbred mares, 4 yrs.; Thoroughbred gelding, 3 yrs.

45 HEAD CATTLE

17 milk cows (2 registered Holsteins); 2 2 yr. old heifers; 5 steers rising 2; 4 heifers rising 2; 16 calves.

REGISTERED SHORTHORN BULL; GRADE SHORTHORN BULL, 10 MONTHS.

HOGS AND CHICKEN

About 50 chicken; 1 brood sow; 10 shoats 200 lbs; 8 small pigs; 10 tons timothy hay; 3000 bundles; 2 stacks straw.

HARNESS

2 sets bracing harness; 3 sets plow harness; Set democrat harness; Set driving harness.

MACHINERY

Frost & Wood 8 ft. binder; John Deere 2 ft. gang plow; Cock-

shutt 22 shoe drill; Harrow cart; 1 sec lever harrows with 2, 3, and 4 sec. drawbar; 16 16 McCormick disc; Massey Harris springtooth cultivator; Fleury land packer; Cocksfoot breaking sulky; walking plow; Scraper; Bobstleighs; 2 triple box wagons; Truck wagon and rack; Democrat; Top buggy; Judson 7 h. p. kerosene engine; 10 ft. Fleury grinder; McCormick mower; Tank heater; Imperial cream separator; Churn; Cream cans; Milk pails; Hinman 2 unit milking machine; Wrenches, sledge, post hole digger, picks, log chain and other articles too numerous to mention.

STUDEBAKER TOURING CAR

Everything must be sold as Mr. Bellamy must give possession of his farm by March 1st, 1921

SALE AT 11 O'CLOCK, LUNCH AT NOON

TERMS—All sums at and under \$50 cash; over that amount 10 months credit will be given on approved joint bankable notes bearing 8 per cent. interest. 4 per cent. off for cash on all amounts over \$50.

Cliff Bellamy, Owner W. G. Liesemer, Clerk J. W. Phillipson, Auct.

It is gratifying to know a Life Insurance Policy is paying you interest, your estate is protected and at the same time you have an assured competency for old age. Get in line and insure with

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Garments Remodelled

A Specialty

GEORGE THOMPSON

London Block, 1 door east P.O.

All horses branded (see right)
are the property of
W. H. DAVIES.
Lost One white blood mare and
grey yearling colt, two bay two
and one all branded B on right
side. H. A. F. BROS., Elkhart P.O. 6

BERGEN

Mr. Isaac Granham preached at Bergen Sunday Jan. 23rd.

Mr. O. T. Johanson seems to be weaker than usual at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole, Messrs. Prest and Watts, and a number of neighbor boys were visiting Chas. Ericksons Sunday. The new names are recent arrivals from Kansas and North Dakota, and Bergen people give them a hearty welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Johnson, who formerly lived in Didsbury were visiting at Mr. Johannesons Sunday.

Ben Good and John Haug are pleased with the snow for they have hauling to do.

Miss Mikkeltorg, the Bergen teacher, has been sick at her home since the holidays.

Mr. Post is longing for a vacation and has his eyes on the Eastern States. We have cautioned him that "Three removals are as bad as a fire."

The Highland correspondent from his dizzy perch has a lot to say of those who go to church. He never has been seen or found inside, yet he can fling their failings far and wide. To tell the truth we think it no disgrace. But "Truthful James" has failed to keep his place. Truth crushed to earth is ever bound to rise. The Bible says to first remove the Beam. Then faults in others not so large will seem.

A little kindergarten boy was attempting to tell the rest of the class what a caterpillar was like. He said, "He's long and slim. He's just like a muff out walking."

HIGHLAND

Grandpa Rhoads has left for Acme with his horses and is going to bring his Ford car home. He says he has the best engine in his car of any Ford and if the radiator doesn't let the gas through the exhaust without burning he will go home soon.

Mr. Percy Blain is building his house these fine sunny days in Nitchi Valley.

Parnell and McKnight are busy drawing wood now days.

It seems as though everyone is leaving Highland for Calgary these days. Are they all rich or is the attraction so great there that they must go anyhow.

Egard says he believes Calgary has Portland heat for changeable weather. Is it the weather Egard?

It seems funny that when cattle are selling for 3c that people expect about \$150 for the same as milk cows. It pays to sell milk cows.

Ira Gamble spent the week end in Didsbury last week.

Grandpa had good luck in finding his horses after leaving them so long.

Grimbsy Old Boys and Girls

A real family gathering is scheduled for Grimbsy Ontario, on August 25, 26, and 27, 1921, when an Old Boys and Girls reunion will be held. If any of our readers are from that vicinity send your name and address to The Old Home Committee, Grimbsy.

Didsbury Concert Hall

Thursday and Saturday

February 3rd & 5th

COME AND SEE
THE SPECIAL FEATURE

"Sagebrushers"

Admission 35c and 50c

Dance on Friday Evening

ADMISSION \$1.50 PER COUPLE

Good Orchestra

Dancing until 2 p.m.

Come and have a good time
W. FARRINGTON, Manager.

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A CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY WILL DO IT

Gives a larger return for life than is obtainable from any other form of investment with absolute security.

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Any two persons may purchase jointly.

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Apply to your postmaster, or write, postage free, to S. T. Baedon, Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa, for new booklet and other information required. Mention age last birthday.

It is a Fact

That you are the loser if you

are not a subscriber to the

DIDSBURY PIONEER.

It's advertising columns alone

will often save you the few

cents it costs you every week.

It costs \$2.00 per year.

We would appreciate your

subscription.

Now is a good time to start

The Didsbury Pioneer

The PERSONAL SIDE

PROMINENT WESTERN CHARACTERS—SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE WE ALL KNOW.

MR. TOM HOURIE

(Second Article)

MORE ABOUT SWIMMING THE RIVER—GENERAL MIDDLETON AND TOM AT BATOCHE.—DEATH OF CAPTAIN FRENCH—TOM UNMAKS THE ENEMY RIFLE PITS.

In my last article I said I would tell a plain story, and leave the reader to use his own imagination in regard to Tom Hourie's feat in swimming the Saskatchewan when the ice was running. I think this heroic incident should not be dismissed with a mere bald statement of facts, so I will ask the reader to picture young Hourie as he reined up on the bank and saw that quarter or half mile of rushing river, with its great cakes of ice crashing and grinding their way along. But for the ice the problem would have been no problem at all. He could have swum across on his horse, or behind the animal and let the horse tow him by its tail. But ice-cold water with flocks many of them weighing tons, the prospect might well appal the stoutest heart. He tried to maintain a foothold on an ice floe and was plunged into the river. Now, imagine him drenched to the skin, and perished with cold, taking a second look at that river. Is there a man in a million who would not have said: "It is impossible," and have remounted his horse and ridden back on his trail to report failure in the face of insurmountable obstacles? Hourie's heart must have been of iron, and his soul of steel, for as the undertow, he stripped naked, and, keeping his clothing, containing General Middleton's dispatch from sinking by fastening it to a cage of sticks, he crossed the mighty river, and made himself a name for courage, fidelity and endurance which will never die in this western country. I venture to say that it is the bravest and greatest swimming feat ever performed by a human being in the world began. Nothing but the most wonderful power of endurance could have carried him through. How he escaped having his muscular system paralyzed by the icy water passes my comprehension. In the winter of 1905 on board a steamship between St. John and Halifax, a pilot named McKay, a middle-aged Nova Scotian, told me the story of how twenty years before he had been swept overboard into the Atlantic at night from a sailing vessel. It was midwinter and foggy, or to use his own words, the air was "full of vapor." He told me how he swam in his oilskins till all at once he "stiffened" and could swim no more. He remembered nothing more till he found himself in his bunk on board the ship from which he had been swept overboard. Alas! miraculously the boat's crew found him floating unconscious, being borne up by air which had got under his oilskins. He said he felt little the worse, but they pumped a lot of rum into him to revive him, and not till a couple of days after did he vomit when he brought up several quarts of black fluid composed of rum and salt water. Hourie had no anointing of porpoise oil as professional swimmers have and no handy boat along side to refresh him. Alone he did it, on the 30th day of March, 1885, and to the eternal shame of someone I state the fact, on the authority of his father, that he received neither thanks nor remuneration for the same remarkable feat as to the capture of Riel. If I were to express what I feel as to the treatment of Hourie and son, I fear, gentle reader, this page would burn your fingers. The remuneration Tom received was simply that of an ordinary man employed on the transport, and when Peter Hourie states this as a fact, those who knew Peter will not require any further evidence.

The Fate of Tom Hourie

It has already been stated in these columns that Peter Hourie, "in the interests of economy" was reduced from the position of interpreter at Regina to that of a farm instructor at the Crooked Lakes Reserve, where he put in a more or less lonely kind of life on forty dollars a month.

For two years after the rebellion Tom was not able to work. The tremendous feat of swimming through the ice floes had strained even his mighty heart, and from that to the end of his days at the age of fifty-one, he was never a sound man. In 1897, long years before the great rush to Tom went to the Yukon, and there he died, not unexpected, unhonoured and unused exactly, for this gentle giant of a man achieved the respect and admiration of many, and the affection of not a few.

He died on Thursday, Dec. 23rd, 1908, at Dawson, Y.T.

A Tribute to the Yukon

In the early Yukon days there was a desire for some sort of home government, and what was known as a legislative association was formed. On his son's death his father received a communication of which a copy is subjoined, and which will explain itself. I may say that the communication or address was typewritten, with a black border made of black bordering cut off from mourning paper and pasted on the address. It was tied with a black ribbon through eye-let holes. Attached to this ribbon was the gold tin foil seal of E. P. Doane, Commissioner for taking affidavits. In order to preserve the address it was pasted to an unfilled affidavit form. It read as follows:

YUKON TERRITORY, CONDOLENCES TO MR. AND MRS. HOURIE, REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN.

We, the undersigned members of the Yukon Legislative Association at Dawson, Yukon Territory, are deeply grieved to hear of the death of your son, Tom Hourie. He was a fellow-worker of ours and an honourable man. We have known him intimately during his long residence in this Territory since 1897, and we humbly beg to offer you our sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

Although you have not seen him of late years still, of course, the news of his death must have been a great shock to you. We knew him as a hard working, honest man, and it is sad that he should have been cut off at such an age in midlife as 51 years of his life. At present we have no doubt you can hardly realize your loss and the break made in your lives must be terrible to bear, but you have the consolation of knowing that at his death in the Good Samaritan Hospital at 4.15 p.m. on Thursday, December 23rd, 1908, he was surrounded by friends.

We know that the shadows of the valley of death cannot compass a mother's and father's love, and that time, the great

healer, will bring balm to you—to your wounded spirit and to your aching hearts for the departed son.

Where the faded flower shall blossom,
Blossom never more to fade.
Where the shaded skies shall brighten,
Brighten never more to shade.
Where the son shall meet his mother,
And the mother meet her child,
And their families be gathered,
That are scattered in the wild,
Dear ones we shall meet and rest,
'Mid the holy and the blest.

May the wish for your future re-union be your hope, comfort and stay.
We are,

YUKON LEGISLATIVE ASSOCIATION,
(Signed)

H. L. Clements, President,
D. W. Murray, Secretary,
J. S. Barron,
James H. Falconer,
Thos. Babcock,
William Rail,

Arthur J. Allman,
W. S. McConnell,
A. R. Ludwick,
D. J. Cronin,
P. Falconer,
(Seal of E. P. Doane)

(To be continued)

Personal Reminiscences

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF PIONEERING IN WESTERN CANADA DURING A PERIOD OF THIRTY YEARS

Our settlement in the Qu'Appelle Valley was a very peaceful one and as far as I recollect there was only one incident which occurred to mar the even tenor of our days. There was a settler who lived south of us on the bench named Charles Sheriff. He was a Scottish farmer from Deeside in Aberdeenshire and was a fine, sturdy, sterling character. He was a bachelor who lived alone on his farm with the exception of an unmarried sister, who kept house for him. He was successful from the start and many of the struggling pioneers had to thank his generosity for kindly assistance. He was inclined to be somewhat tenacious of his rights, however, and just a little peevish. During the fall of 1891, I think it was, he had an enormous crop of oats on a piece of land some distance from his farmhouse. Harvest assistance was hard to get that year and threshing was late. As a consequence Mr. Sheriff's grain stood out for some time before he had an opportunity of getting it stacked or threshed and it suffered severely from the depredations of enormous flocks of wild geese which flew in night and morning from Last Mountain Lake to feed on the stalks and stubbles. Nor were the geese the only marauders. A great deal of the land was unfenced in those days and in the fall of the year the horses that were not being used by the farmers often wandered at large on the prairie. This field of Mr. Sheriff's, being so far away from his farm house, was frequently visited by some of these horses and a good deal of damage done. As a result Mr. Sheriff got on bad terms with some of the neighbors. One of these neighbors, after catching up a team of horses which had been wandering at large on the prairie, found—or thought he found—some shot marks in their hides. It is quite possible that the perforations may have been made by barbed wire, or more likely by some stray pellets from the guns of a party of Northwest Mounted Police officers who, about that time, had been shooting geese on the prairie. The owner of the horses at once jumped to the conclusion that the damage had been done by Mr. Sheriff in retaliation for damage done by the horses to his oats, and preparations were made to make an example of him.

Sheriff was exceedingly fond of animals and had they thought for a minute they would have realized that he would have been the last man in the world to inflict suffering on dumb brutes. At that time there was a young man of the district named Horace Saxby, who ran a herd of horses and cattle at the Little Arm. He was a splendid rider, an expert with fire arms and was afraid of nothing on earth. He afterwards went to South Africa with Strathcona's Horse and was twice mentioned in despatches by Buller for gallant conduct.

One night in the fall he rode

up to Sheriff's hospitable farmhouse and, of course, was asked to stay the night. Sheriff was at that time building a new house and the old one was in process of being dismantled; one room in the old building had been allowed to remain habitable for his sister, but he himself, was sleeping in a built.

While supper was being prepared the flight of geese from the lake commenced, and they started settling on Sheriff's stubbles in enormous numbers. Saxby who was quite a sportsman, asked Sheriff if he had a gun and Sheriff produced an ancient double barreled muzzle loader with some rusty powder and shot. Saxby loaded it with a pretty good quantity of powder in each barrel and a handful of buckshot and started out after the geese. They were wild, however, and he didn't get a shot, and coming back to the barn he rested the gun on one of the stalls without unloading it. Supper was completed, the horses and Saxby and Sheriff retired to rest in the barn. Saxby hid his blanket in a stall near the door and Sheriff slumbered to the interior of the building.

It was one of these pitch black nights in the early fall with an overcast sky and an occasional spatter of rain. The prairie was enveloped in darkness, black and impenetrable. About midnight there was a knock at the barn door and Saxby who was a light sleeper, jumped up and went to see who was there. He found a man carrying a lantern who inquired the way to Craven. He said that he was taking a load of grain from a farm near Pense to a little mill that was then operating at Craven and had missed the trail. Saxby instantly stepped out to show him the direction. He had been sleeping in most of his clothes, but before lying down he had removed the chaps of a horseman which he usually wore. He carried a six shooter in the belt of his chaps and had been wearing it in all likelihood there would have been a tragedy. He had no sooner stepped clear of the building than he was seized from behind and thrown to the ground. A big was pulled over his head and he was subjected to a very rough treatment. He was a very quick witted man and realized that the attack was intended for Sheriff and he managed, before he was completely gagged, to give vent to a yell that he felt would waken the sleeping farmer. He succeeded in his purpose all right. It was apparently the intention of the midnight visitors to administer a coat of tar and feathers to their victim but whilst they were making preparations to do this he heard somebody say in a whisper: "We've got the wrong man; Sheriff can't wear like that!" There was a hurried conclusion. Saxby was tied up and a rush made to the stable door by a party bearing a lantern. Sheriff had been wakened all right by Saxby's yell and on striking a match to see

what was wrong the first thing he saw was the double barreled muzzle loader leaning against the stable wall. He picked it up and when his assailants came charging into the building they saw by the light of their lantern a very resolute looking Scotchman menacing them with a very businesslike looking gun.

Mr. Sheriff did not usually use profane words, but on this occasion he forgot himself. "Get out of here," he said, "or I'll blow you to hell." With that he cocked both barrels of the gun and his assailants most inconspicuously ran away. He thereupon went to the back door of the building but found it guarded by two men. He threatened them with his weapon, "Get away from here," he said, "or I'll shoot you in two." They made way for him, but as he was now coming up they followed him to the rear buildings. He was on his own land and could tell where he was by the feel of his feet. He backed down the trail for about a mile until he came to the house of N. G. Miller, where the local part of the N.W.M.P. was stationed. When he got close to Mr. Miller's farmhouse his pursuers abandoned him and in a few minutes he was humming at the door and Constable Anderson of the N.W.M.P. came down to let him in. He told his story. Anderson swore in J. G. Miller and R. H. Miller, the two stalwart sons of the house as "specials," found weapons for them and in an incredibly short time the three of them were galloping in the direction of the Sheriff's farm. They found Saxby all trussed up with his hands and almost inarticulate with rage, but the midnight marauders had disappeared. As soon as Saxby was released he gratefully demanded a gun and a horse, and it was provided him. Saxby thought he recognized one of his assailants and a visit was paid to his house. The man in question was not home and the mounted policeman and his assistants ceased themselves about the byways to wait for his return. Presently he returned home and as he was putting up his horse was promptly held up. He was asked where he had been spending the evening. He said he had been playing cards at a neighbors. "All right," said the policeman, "We'll find out if your story is true." So taking the man along he went to the neighbor's house to find out whether there had been a card party in progress or not. It hadn't, and the man was promptly taken into custody. Several other members of the neighborhood were arrested, and on conviction before a J.P., were severely fined for their escapade.

Many, many years have passed since then. Mr. Sheriff is a respected and honored member of the community and on the best of terms with his erstwhile enemies of long ago.

J. G. Miller

Brought Mayor to Rally

A meeting was held in Winnipeg last week of anti-alcohol traders in drugs to discuss plans for relief of the present situation. The mayor was expected by the women to be present at the meeting but he did not make an appearance as a delegation went to the city hall and brought him in. He gave them every assurance that all possible was being done to alleviate the situation. The women suggested that one of the local hotels be taken over by the city where unemployed women and girls could be fed and cared for.

Drug Act Ultra Vires

The Dominion opinion and narcotics act, passed at the last session as a weak non-apportioned trade in drugs was declared ultra vires by Judge M. Noble of the provincial police court, Winnipeg, in a recent decision. Unlicensed chemists who are not manufacturers and who fill doctor's prescriptions, the midnight visitors to administer the sale of narcotic drugs, the magistrate said. The decision will be appealed.

The First Letter

A is said to be the first letter of the alphabet because it expresses the simplest sound, formed by opening the mouth as in the wail of a child and the bleat of a sheep.

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IT is superior to lath, plaster or wall-paper, for 41 reasons.

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Fresh Whitefish in 50 to 100 lb. lots.
10c. per lb.

Fresh Pike in same quantities.
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Do you see things as you should?
Does your eye pain you when you read?
Does your head ache? Does the light bother your eyes?
If so, come in and let us examine your eyes, and if necessary fit you with glasses.

I will fit the Bushnell Hotel on Mondays, Feb. 2nd.

This is the last chance you will have for the next two months to consult

DR. M. MCKENZIE
as he will be away till about May 1st.

AROUND THE TOWN

Mr. Len Edwards is up for a few days holiday before getting down to work on his new job.

The girls who patronize the Memorial gymnasium are having as much fun out of it as the boys.

Albert Howe is now located at the Four Metals Mining Co's camp at Oroville, Wash. as foreman.

Mr. and Mrs. Zimmermann spent the week end in Calgary, returning on Monday accompanied by Mrs. Zimmermann's father.

Mrs. C. Havens and little daughter Lila, is spending a few days with her mother Mrs. Khabolt.

Mrs. Edwards and daughter Ida, who have been at the Coast for some months past returned to this vicinity last week.

Mrs. C. Carter, and daughter Miss V. Carter have been visiting in town for the past few days.

Wm. Niddrie of Mound district died last week and was buried on Saturday. Mr. Niddrie was an old timer of the Olds and Mound district and will be remembered by a great many old timers in this district.

The W. C. T. U. will hold their Francis Willard Parlor meetings at the home of Mrs. A. Clemens, February 8th at 8 p.m. A special program will be given for the occasion. All members and others interested in the work are requested to be there.

Mr. Long, of Lethbridge, was a visitor with Mr. and Mrs. A. Campbell on Thursday. Mr. Long is a brother of Mrs. Campbell. He states that everything is very quiet in Lethbridge because it is everywhere and that prospects look good as they have quite a lot of snow down there although not as much as we have here.

Reports state that a Ford was seen leaving Didsbury at a very great velocity last Thursday morning and arrived in Olds some 20 minutes later. If the crowd who had been at the station here had known, they might have gone to Olds to see a certain couple catch the north bound but they were too slow to catch them either going or coming.

A meeting of the Curling Club skip was held last week and new rinks were chosen and a new schedule drawn up starting on Monday night. The week in which the Bouspiel comes was left open as the three strenuous days, 8, 9 and 10th, will make up enough curling for a week. There are to be several prizes and the Didsbury Cup to be played for, not the Tolton Grand Challenge Cup, as was stated in our last issue.

CHANDLER-ESLER

At Calgary, 1665, 21st West, by Rev. J. A. Marble on January 28th, Lloyd Chandler to Frances Esler both of Didsbury.

BORN:—At the residence of Mrs. J. D. Ward, to Mr and Mrs. Geo. Clark, on Sunday January 16th, a son.

Warns U. S. of Effect of Tariff

New York, Jan. 31.—An appeal for practical neighborliness between the United States and Canada was made by Sir George E. Foster, Canadian

minister of trade and commerce, and one of Canada's delegates to the assembly of the League of Nations, speaking Saturday night at a banquet of the superintendents of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company at the Hotel Astor.

"We are pretty good neighbors to you," said Sir George. "We came over from Canada and bought \$21,000,000 worth of stuff from you in the United States. This means that every man, woman, and child in Canada spent on an average of \$115 in purchasing from the United States last year. The United States, by the same statistics came into Canada and bought \$50,000,000 worth only, exactly five dollars for every man, woman, and child in the United States. Let us be neighbors; buy as much from us as we do from you, and when we come down here with our good will security, Canadian dollars, be above offering us eighty-eight cents.

Disclaiming any desire to meddle with public affairs in the United States, Sir George referred to "the Fordney emergency tariff bill now before the senate as a measure that would prevent us from sending down our cattle sheep and agricultural products in order that we may buy you."

"Well, there are but two things to do," continued the minister, "One is not to buy the extra four hundred million dollars' worth from the people of the United States, that is my appeal to the commercial portion of the United States. It may be a good thing to think of these things before we legislate

Reparation Plan

Paris, Jan. 29.—The Allied Supreme Council today approved the German reparations plan drafted by its special committee last night.

The plan provides for the payment by Germany of 226,000,000,000 gold marks in 12 annual payments on a rising scale beginning with payments of 2,000,000,000 marks the first two years, and in addition the payment of a 12 per cent. tax on German exports.

The plan will be communicated to the Germans in a few days and they will be invited to a conference on February 28th, to consider the terms.

In the meantime the Brussels council on economic experts will resume its sessions February 7th.

The penalties provided in the reparation plan are in general the same as under the treaty of Versailles, including both military and economic measures.

The report of the military committee on the disarmament of Germany also has been virtually approved by the council. It provides for the complete disarmament of the Einwohnernwehr and other so-called civic guard organizations not permitted under the treaty of Versailles. The disarmament must be complete by July 1, next. The penalties for failure, Premier Briand stated, are stronger than those arranged for a Spa conference.

The conference of February 28th to which the Germans have been invited to consider the reparation terms will be held in London. Examination of the reparation plan showed it provided that the 12 per cent. tax on German exports would extend over the same period as the stipulated reparation payments. Germany is to be allowed an 8 per cent. cash discount on payments made in advance. The total of 226,000,000,000 gold marks of German reparation payments called for by the plan would equal approximately \$56,000,000,000 at normal exchange rates.

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Meets every Tuesday evening on or before full moon. All visiting brethren welcome.

W. G. Evans, W. M.
A. Fisher, Secretary.



DIDSBURY LODGE No. 18, I.O.O.F.
Meets in Odd Fellows Hall, Didsbury, every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock sharp. Visiting Odd Fellows always welcome.

A. W. Axtell, N. G.
S. HARDY, Secretary.

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Dental Surgeon

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